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August 11, 1962 - Saturday

Elim telephoned me about two o'clock this morning, and again at four o'clock, to report further developments in the Soblen case. We sent off a telegram to Washington on the subject. I had made all arrangements to take a morning plane to Milan, but had to scrub this [redacted] flight. Elim and I went together to see Sir Charles Cunningham, a sympathetic character, and spent much of the morning talking to him. The Minister, Mr. Brooke, was finally reached at Dover. After many clearances had been obtained, the British Government decided to give up the attempt to put Soblen on an El Al plane, and to set in motion machinery for his deportation. I telephoned about this to Dean Rusk, and finally left early this evening for Milan, where I spent the night.

Our work yesterday and today, as far as Elim and myself are concerned, was of a nature to have exasperated much more saint-like people than ourselves.

August 12, 1962 - Sunday

I took the afternoon train down to Florence, and spent there one of the happiest weeks of my life. This austere city, with its frozen collection of art, is incredibly interesting. It hardly seems possible that a community of this small size in a comparatively short period of time could have produced such startling treasures. I have never before and probably never again will go sightseeing at such a rate. Each day I set forth and only returned when overcome by museum fatigue. Nor did churches and other monuments within a 15-mile radius escape my peregrinations.

From Florence, I went to Montecatini to meet Virginia and Ambrose Chambers. After two carbonic baths and massages, I abandoned the cure, and we spent our time sightseeing in Pistoia, Lucca, Pisa, and Florence.

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